

Hello, Sweet stranger

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Hello, Sweet stranger

by Anonymous

Summary

Triss and her lover, Quincy, haven't seen each other in months. That changes when kind Esterad holds a royal masquerade, and the two have the chance to see each other once more. After they get some privacy in the form of the king's wine cellar, they decide to make up for lost time.

Also, I have my username in the notes if anyone wants to see other fics of mine

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Triss stood around her entourage of admirers; bored out of her mind.

She had arrived an hour or so earlier, Quincy following a while later, before they both got overwhelmed by just how many people were there.

There were at least a hundred, maybe two, people all crowding the grand hall of the castle. They had masks, some more intricate than others, and wore lavish dresses and suits.

Every lord at the ball seemed to be staring at her, wanting something she had no interest in handing out. As a matter of fact, the only person who hadn't seemed to be frothing at the mouth for her was, ironically, her lover Quincy; who had remained shockingly wholesome about the low cut dress. To be fair, they hadn't been able to speak privately, so Quincy hadn't had the chance to make any vulgar comments, however Triss hadn't caught her staring at her tits, either.

Speaking of; she could see her lover in the upper left corner of the ballroom. It appeared Quincy had also been ambushed by her own group of fans; bombarded with questions about how she had been able to defeat the great Dorian of Creyden, who had been known to pillage whole cities at a time.

She felt a pang of jealousy when a woman, maybe 20 years old or so, grabbed Quincy's arm.

"You're the Hound of Kalkar, aren't you?! Won't you tell us how you slayed Dorian the Gruesome?"

Whore.

Realistically, Triss knew the woman didn't mean anything by it; she just wanted to ask her idol some questions about her adventures. But all rationality fled her mind as the woman leaned in closer to Quincy to hear her response.

For fuck's sake, that woman was only inches from Quincy. That's where she was supposed to be. Triss' blood boiled. She hadn't seen Quincy in months, fucking months, and now they're in the same room and she can't even be with her? That was bad enough to begin with, but now she has to watch that bitch touch her? No one should touch Quincy but her.

If she had it her way, they'd be alone right now, and somewhere far, far away. The woman who was interrogating Quincy moved away and Triss took a deep breath, reminding herself to be civil. All she had to do was wait, and then she could take Quincy wherever she wanted, and do whatever she wanted, for however long she wanted.

And so wait she did; pushing through pang after pang of jealousy; putting on a smile and puffing her chest to appease her admirers.

Or, well, she did for a while, however when she saw a man starting to get a bit too handsy with her lover, she snapped.

Not literally, of course; she was a respected member of the king's council, and had no interest in making a fool of herself. She also knew Quincy would never be unfaithful, but the way the drunken fool walked closer and closer, forcing Quincy's back against a wall and grabbing her shoulders in an attempt at flirtation, made her skin crawl.

She walked over; head held high and smile painted on, as she approached the man and her lover; who seemed to desperately be looking at her, pleading for help.

"Hello! I'm sorry to impose, my lord, but I need to borrow this woman; she is a dear friend, and her favorite jig is playing, so I'd like to steal her for a moment and dance."

"Her- hic- her favorite, eh?"

He looked back over at Quincy, and, taking his arms off her shoulders, instead grabbed her wrist.

"Why didn't you say so, you wanker?! Cmon then, let's go dancin', and then afterwards, I have to show ya somethin' you'll *love*."

He giggled to himself, struggling to drag Quincy behind him; her height plus her sheer muscle mass made it difficult. So difficult, in fact, the man was only able to take her a foot away from the scene when Triss spoke up again; gently grabbing her other wrist.

"I'm sorry, but I really do need to see her for a moment."

"Eh? What's a whore you like tryna' a pull? You know who I am- I'm a goddamn lord from the house of Hamelin!"

Quincy furrowed her brows, about to interject at having her lover called a whore, but Triss cut her off.

"Yes, my lord, but me and this woman have important things to discuss; I am the king's mage advisor, Triss Merigold, and I'd like to have a moment to speak with my dear friend, if you'd be so obliged."

He staggered; taken aback. He stared at her, eyes wide as saucers, before silently letting Quincy's hand go.

"I'm sorry, my lady, I didn't know."

"It's alright, *Jutmon of house Hamlin*."

He stuttered; not only scared by the fact he pissed off the king's mage advisor, but also by the fact she somehow knew his name.

Triss grabbed Quincy's hand, who was now trying her best to suppress a huge grin, before winking at the man and muttering a quiet 'enjoy your evening' and walking away.

By now, the song had changed; it was no longer a gig, but it was definitely still fast paced. It wasn't romantic, so no one would bat an eye if they danced together; probably just noting

how they seemed to be good friends.

And so, deciding she wanted some mostly one on one time with her lover, Triss walked both of them to the main ballroom area.

They jumped right into dancing; mimicking the rest of the crowd. It was mostly men, with their partners being women, however there were a few groups of two men and two women.

They stood in two lines; a few feet in front of one another, before walking up to one another and hooking elbows; dancing around one another. Other than letters sent to each other, this was going to be the first time they had spoken in months.

Quincy's mask was of a hound, to celebrate her title of 'hound of Kalkar', but it covered three-fourths of her face; she had a large, gray, blotchy scar on the left side of her face, and, considering how ugly she found it, liked to keep it covered. Triss could also tell she had eyepatch on underneath the mask, as to hide her scared, fucked up left eye.

Quincy wore a white dress with long sleeves and a brown leather corset to hide her muscular frame. The skirt of the dress was dark red and moved around her legs when she walked in a way that complemented her pale skin and mesmerized Triss. The lacey neckline dipped down and Triss' heart caught in her throat. The dress left very little to the imagination, not that Triss needed imagination to picture how Quincy looked under the dress.

Quincy had never been very feminine, and only wore dresses when absolutely necessary; for she hated how she looked in them.

Triss noted how the other woman nervously wrapped the fingers of her free hand around her dress, voice almost wavering when she asked the question.

"What do you think?"

Triss looked her up and down almost wolfishly, but composed herself. If Quincy became a blushing mess in the middle of this dance floor, they'd have a lot of explaining to do.

With their elbows still interlocked, Triss spoke up;

"I cannot believe I actually got you into a dress."

"Y-yes. I'm, uhm, hating every moment."

Triss chuckled; her lover was vehemently staring at her eyes, and was having trouble concentrating on basic conversation. Triss thought she knew why.

Quincy hadn't seen her in so long, and the dress Triss had on fit her oh so well. It was sleeveless, and so low it was a miracle it stayed up at all, though Quincy only considered it a miracle because they were in public. It was a good thing Triss had covered her scar because all Quincy could think about was pressing her lips to it; wanting nothing more than to feel it under her tongue.

Triss was wearing a fox mask, as she always did at such events, and the green of her dress went almost as well with the mask as it did with her fiery red hair. Hair that Quincy wished her hands were tangled in- "Focus," Triss whispered. "How can I focus with you so close?" Quincy was struggling to maintain her self control. Triss chuckled and grazed her hand along Quincy's arm. She noticed Quincy glance downwards at the slit in her dress; staring at the opening that revealed her leg, almost hungrily.

"Later," she said, "I promise." "You're killing me," Quincy lamented. Triss took a deep breath; they were whispering, and something about how low and gruff it seemed to make her lover's voice was making her weak in the knees.

As the dance was finishing up, Triss made eye contact with the king; he nodded at her, as a sign her attention was required.

She allowed Quincy to spin her one last time, before bowing at her flustered dance partner and, with a wink, walked away.

Out of the corner of her eye, Triss could see her lover straightening her back; needing to compose herself.

Triss grinned as she walked up to king Esterad and bowed at his feet.

"My liege."

"Triss! I hope you enjoy yourself?"

"I do, my king. How may I be of assistance?"

"I don't mean to interrupt your dancing, however I'd like to open a very particular cask of wine at the dinner feast. The issue, however, is that there was a mixup, and the cask is wrong. It has the wrong name and date on it, but the wine is the same as what I ordered. Apparently, no one told my men this, and the wine was put with all the rest."

"And you'd like me to find out which one it is?"

"Yes- go to the wine cellar and find the cask of beaucclair white, the 1032. I've no idea what the cask it's in says, and there are thousands of barrels downstairs, so I suggest bringing help. Maybe that woman who you've been dancing with? You seem to trust her."

"That's Quincy, my king. I agree, she is quite able, and should make this much faster."

Triss bowed again, smiling for real this time.

"I'll retrieve her, and then find your wine, my king."

And with that, Triss turned around and made her way back to her lover.

Quincy was at a table, sipping on mediocre beer. She was speaking to a few men, who seemed much more respectful than Jutmon.

She wasn't speaking, instead watching one of the men intently.

"And so, then he says- he says to me- 'I thought you said *wife urn*, not *wyvern*.' I almost beheaded the bloke then and- *hic*- there!"

They all laughed, before Triss walked over and put her hand on Quincy's bicep, squeezing it lightly.

"Sorry to interrupt, gentlemen, but I need to borrow my friend for a moment; it's a matter from the king."

Quincy looked at her, and Triss simply squeezed a bit harder, trying to get her to understand.

Her lover stood and waved goodbye to the men, all shocked at having met the great Triss Merigold, as the two women walked away.

"A matter from the king?"

"He needs me and you to go into the cellar and find a certain cask of wine."

"Really? Why didn't he just send a guard to collect it?"

"It's a very particular brand; and the cask it's in was mismarked. He needs me and you to figure out which one it's in."

"Wow, sounds like it'll take forever."

"I am one of the most powerful mages on the continent; you think it'll be a struggle for me to cast a spell and find a cask of wine? And here I thought you had faith in me."

"Ah, so we'll be in and out, then?"

They were going down staircases now, making their way to the wine cellar. They were alone, and that's why Triss felt no embarrassment when she moved her arm to be around Quincy's waist, rubbing the skin through the dress.

She pressed herself closer to the taller woman, speaking quietly against her body.

"No. The king thinks this'll take an hour, at least, and I don't expect to prove him wrong."

Quincy shivered.

Good.

When they got to the bottom of the stairs, and Triss didn't let go of her waist, the other woman silently put a hand on Triss's bare shoulder, grazing her thumb back and forth over it.

Triss nuzzled into her side for a moment, before letting go and, walking up to a wall of casks, held out her hand and muttered an incantation.

The spell took effect immediately; and one of the casks at the very far end of the wall sizzled; upon further inspection, it had a newfound small black burn mark on the lid.

"What did you-"

"Simple, really. I cast a locationing spell over every cask on the wall, and envisioned the taste of the wine the king asked for. I wanted a signifier, to show what barrel had the beauclair white, so I had a black dot imprinted on it."

"Wait, what If the cask had been somewhere else? Like, a different part of the cellar?"

"I would've gone from wall to wall until I found it, or I could've used a different spell, one that covered the whole room, but the other spell would've taken much longer, and is much more complicated, plus it's not nearly as reliable; one of the ban-ard boys discovered it, and got famous from it, too, but it's kind of shitty."

Triss still had her back to the other woman, who had silently crept closer to her, and, gently, put her hands around her, embracing her in a hug from behind.

She rested her head onto her shoulder, and, when she spoke, the smile in her voice could almost be heard, and it only grew as Triss squirmed, reacting to the hot breath on her neck.

"Yknow, I really missed this."

"Missed what? Me?"

"Well, yes, but also how incredibly cute you are when you get all passionate about magic. Your *adorable*, lover."

"Really? Out of every word, 'adorable' is the one you're using right now?"

Quincy chuckled, especially when Triss seemed to be pushing into her, trying to get her to do something.

The other woman only held her tighter, though; trying to hide her impatience for what was to come.

"Is there a word you'd rather me use?"

"I'd rather you'd stop using words right now, period."

It wasn't a chuckle this time, rather a full on laugh.

"Impatient, are we? Fine, have it your way."

And with that, Quincy, much to the shock of her lover, picked up Triss; who still had her back to her.

She moved Triss from standing in front of a wall of casks to a wall that was barren, so there was no likelihood of Triss banging her shoulder on a stray tap.

When they got to the wall, Quincy let her go; gently putting Triss on the ground. They were both still standing, and so when Quincy grabbed Triss by the shoulders and turned her around, the other woman had her back to the wall; pressed up to it.

She silently removed Triss's fox mask, throwing it to the floor. She also took off her hound mask: revealing the eyepatch and hints of her scar seeping out below it.

Quincy, bending down so they were almost the same height, began to kiss her immediately; allowing Triss to deepen it after a few seconds. She had moved her hands under the mages dress, but, before she bothered to take it off, pulled away from the kiss and spoke up once more.

"I know you asked me to stop speaking, but I hope you do know I missed you quite a bit; not just the sex, either. I want us to go to a tavern or see a play after this- just me and you."

Triss simply nodded; grabbing the other woman by the neck and pulling her back in. She knew Quincy was a sap at heart, and Quincy knew her lover would agree to whatever she said, so there was no point in a verbal response.

At last, Quincy slid off the dress and was pleasantly surprised to see the bra had been built into the dress; so the only clothes her lover had on now were underwear. She had seen her lover naked hundreds of times, and yet she was always caught off guard by just how perfect she seemed.

Not even the scar bothered her, and she never seemed to notice small blemishes or imperfections, Triss was perfect in her eyes, and nothing could change those views.

She smiled into the mages mouth as she grabbed and groped everything she could get her hands on; she hadn't forgotten what Triss had felt like in the months apart, but God did she miss it.

Quincy moved her mouth from Triss's; kissing the side of her lips, then her cheek, and moving downwards until she got to her collarbone; where she made a feeble attempt to kiss each of the freckles that seemed to cover her lover's body.

Triss didn't have the patience for that, though, and tried to push Quincy downwards by the shoulders. She succeeded, getting Quincy to kiss at her sternum as she groped at her breasts.

The feeling made Triss weak at the knees, and, mildly out of practice, she felt her legs beginning to shake at the sensation.

Quincy seemed to notice this, too; gently moving her hands to her lover's waist and pulling her down slowly; still kissing her sternum. She moved with her silently, until Triss was sitting on the floor and Quincy was on her knees in front of her.

They readjusted themselves so Triss sat with her legs outstretched directly in front of her, and Quincy sat in between her legs, continuing to massage her skin.

It was at this point Triss realized Quincy was still in the dress she hated so dearly, so the mage decided to help her out.

She pushed her lover's body closer to her own and began to untie each string of the corset.

Quincy smiled, happy to finally be able to take the thing off, at least for a little while. As a thank-you, she began to kiss lower and lower down the mages body; making other woman squirm under her.

By the time each string had been undone, Quincy was too busy sucking at a spot on Triss's lower waist to notice. She only took note of it when Triss gently grabbed her by the chin and, pulling her away from her own body, slid off her lover's dress.

She still had on a bra, which Triss took care of quickly, before putting her hands over her lover's bare back and gently urging her forward again; to continue what she was doing.

Quincy seemed to appreciate the removal of the abhorrent dress very much, considering how she quickend her pace after it was gone.

After a moment or two, she was kissing the area on the lowest part of Triss's stomach, gently removing her underwear while she was at it.

Triss threw her head back expectantly, and was incredibly annoyed when she felt nothing.

Looking down, she made eye contact with her lover, who almost looked to be smirking.

"Wha-"

"You've gotta say it."

"Your kidding- we don't have time for this."

"That's too bad; if you don't say it, I'll leave you sitting here."

"You wouldn't dare-"

And with that, Quincy began to stand; about to head for the pile of clothes that lay on the floor.

Triss sighed.

"I love you."

"Well now that doesn't sound very convincing."

Although Quincy was smiling, there was a sparkle of vulnerability behind her eye; she only made Triss say it when she was beginning to doubt it, normally thanks to insecurity, so Triss obliged; even if it was annoying.

Before she could stand, Triss grabbed her by the shoulders and brought her back to her mouth, kissing her languidly.

"I really, really fucking love you."

It was like a switch had been flipped; Quincy went from Triss's lips to in between her legs in an instant.

Over the sound of her own moans, Triss thought she heard a muffled 'I love you too', but couldn't have been sure.

Immediately, the mage began to tighten her legs; up until the point her thighs were on Quincy's shoulders. The other woman didn't seem to mind, though, as a matter of fact, Triss thought she heard her moan, or at least hum with satisfaction.

She could feel her, devouring her. The sheer want she could sense in the other woman only made her moan louder; desperately grasping her lover's hair.

Quincy pawed at her lover's sides; trying to keep her still. It worked, for the most part; though she did relent when she felt Triss trying to grind against her mouth.

Much to Quincy's *immense* satisfaction, she felt Triss shift above her, before hands were gripping at her scalp, holding her head, and more specifically her mouth, in place.

They continued like this, before Quincy felt her lover tightening her legs around her; shaking all the while. Knowing what was coming next, she moved her hand from pawing at the mages breast; instead she found her lover's hand and held it; squeezing lightly.

Triss held her hand back.

And, after only a moment or two more, Triss let out a cry; body buckling beneath her lover.

Quincy felt the pressure on the back of her head suddenly increase ten fold and, agreeing to her lover's unspoken demand; lowered her mouth and stuck out her tongue; going inside of her.

Triss threw her head back and screamed at the feeling of her lover going in and out of her, holding her head tightly in place. When she felt herself get desperate, she began to grind into her lover's mouth again; harder this time.

After a few moments, Quincy could feel her lover's grip starting to weaken around her head and, when there was no more pressure, she moved her mouth upwards; kissing slowly until she made it to her face.

Triss's eyes were half open and half closed, and she was panting profusely. Quincy smiled at the sight before moving in to kiss her slowly. She also moved her own arms around the mages back, silently pulling her closer until she was sitting in between Quincy's open legs; forehead on her shoulder.

Triss was limp and heavy in her arms, but the other woman wasn't going to complain; she simply held her, playing with her hair as she kissed her from time to time.

After a while, though, she sadly realized they're time was almost up.

"Triss, love, I think we may need to get going; the king may wonder what's taking so long, and you wouldn't want to be found like this."

Triss groaned into her shoulder; she seemed a good bit more animated now, having recovered from her high.

Quincy smiled at the complaint, kissing her on the cheek. When she pulled away, though, it was apparent Triss wasn't done with her; the mage went back in, shoving her tongue down her throat immediately.

The other woman hummed, sliding her hands down to Triss's thighs as she pulled her mouth away from her lover's for a moment.

"Damn, round two? And here I thought you had dignity, Tri-"

Before she could so much as finish her sentence, Triss had moved her mouth back to where it had been; almost slamming it, and, in an instant, Quincy found her hands held above her head; Triss having grabbed both and holding them on the wall above her.

Realistically, Quincy could've broken from the other woman's grasp with relative ease; especially considering the mage hadn't bothered using magic to restrain her. Triss knew this, and that's why she felt so comfortable doing it.

Quincy didn't move her hands out of Triss's grasp; playing along. She hummed as Triss deepened the kiss once more, enjoying the moment.

She raised an eyebrow, though, when Triss suddenly let go of her hands, allowing them to fall at her side limply.

She watched, curious, to see what the mage intended to do next. They made eye contact, and, with a glimmer in her eyes, Triss seemed to almost be smirking.

Quincy didn't know why at first, until she gasped at the sudden pleasure she felt.

Glancing down, she could see Triss had positioned herself so she had her knee pressed to the inside of Quincy's legs.

As for what she was doing with her hands, she had them around her lover's waist and, in a flash, had somehow managed to pull Quincy enough that she was fully riding her leg.

"T-Triss-! Ahm, I'm not sure this is a good idea."

Kissing down Quincy's jawline, Triss looked up.

"Oh?"

"This seems like an *excellent* way to break your leg."

"I'll manage."

"Really? I appreciate the effort, but I'm half a foot taller than you, and hulking mass of muscle-"

"If I'm in pain, I'll let you know."

She was going to protest, but felt Triss suddenly bend her knee, and couldn't force herself to say something coherently.

By this point, Quincy still had her underwear on, something Triss took notice of after a few moments.

She quickly made away with it; pulling it off of her lover as she writhed above her.

She used her hands, which were still on Quincy's waist, to push the other woman downwards; causing her lover to gasp at how intense the pressure was.

Triss, deciding she wanted something else to do with her mouth, began to sporadically kiss wherever she liked; mainly focusing on her lover's muscles, but also making it a point to trail down her chest and suck a mark right below where the neckline of her dress would fall; No one would see it, however Triss liked the feeling of knowing she left a mark.

Quincy very clearly liked it, too; now that the underwear was gone, Triss could tell she had been enjoying herself immensely. She had her thrown back in pleasure as the mage kissed her body, pawing at her back unconsciously.

Triss knew what Quincy had said earlier was right, though; they didn't have much time. She had taken quite the risk by starting a second round, but they probably should go ahead and finish up.

Because of that fact, she stopped kissing around her lover's chest; noting the marks of saliva that riddled her.

Before Quincy could ask, she felt Triss trying to coerce her body into turning around. The other woman relented; changing her position so she still rode the mage's knee, but had her back to her chest instead of facing her.

Doing this proved to be a good idea; when she did, she felt Triss push her down gently; increasing the pressure once again. This time, however, when she tilted her head back to moan, she felt a new, different pressure in between her legs;

Triss's hand.

Not able to help herself, Quincy began to grind on her lover's leg; not caring if she looked stupid. There had been many nights when she was away in Vizima; imagining this, and oh God it felt better than she remembered.

"T-Triss- For fucks sake-"

Triss smiled as her lover continued to sputter out profanities; it was always a nice ego boost to know she was able to get someone so much bigger and stronger than her to be into such a state.

She grazed her hand over her body ever so gently, until she reached her chest; where she used her free hand to grope her.

Quincy moaned again; straightening her back out as Triss picked up the pace; pushing her knee harder. She also began to lightly suck and kiss different areas around her lover's shoulder; not leaving a mark, but making sure it felt good.

The result of all these sensations left Quincy a writhing, panting mess on her knee; which Triss found very amusing. Her amusement peaked when Quincy took her arms, which had laid idle at her side, and put them under Triss's bent leg, and pushed upwards; forcing more pressure.

Something about the act made Triss feel wanted, *really wanted*, and she couldn't help the newfound intensity behind her movements; speeding up her movements even so slightly, and kisses getting ever so rougher.

The new intensity was Quincy's breaking point; she became a shuttering, screaming mess all over Triss's leg. The mage simply held her there; kissing her neck and telling how good of a job she had done.

It took them a few moments to catch their breaths; laying there, naked, in a king's wine cellar when they were supposed to be informing him about his Beuclair white.

However when they did, they gingerly stood, making their way to the clothes pile on the floor.

Before they got dressed, though, Triss used a small store of her magic to summon a rag. It left her a bit out of breath, but all she had done was teleport it from their home, so she recovered almost instantly.

She walked over to Quincy, who was in the process of gathering both women's dresses, and, silently tapping her shoulder to get her attention, began to wipe down her shoulders and chest; where saliva still covered her.

When she finished and Quincy smiled down at her, Triss took the other side of the rag and wiped down whatever was left on her own body.

When she was done, Triss put the rag down, and, taking her own dress and underwear from her lover, began to re-dress herself.

When she finished, she turned around, only to see Quincy looking at her pleadingly; holding the corset in her hands.

"Oh my dear lover, of whom I love so dearly, would you be oh so kind?"

Triss laughed at the plea, but obliged; walking over and begging to tighten the strings, so it looked the exact same as when they first entered the cellar.

"Agghh- Triss, I love you, but holy shit please loosen it this hurts."

"I swear, it seems no one I know whines as much as you do, you big baby. You just have to wear it for a few more hours."

Quincy groaned again, but stopped fighting; instead sighing in relief when Triss finally moved away.

"Oh, right, before I forget; I should probably make it look like I did something."

The mage watched curiously as her lover walked back to the cask she had left a burn mark on and, much to enjoyment, pulled the barrel out from its place on the shelf; sitting it near the door.

Triss smiled at how you could clearly tell she was trying to show off; exaggerating the whole thing and acting like carrying a barrel of wine was no big deal. When she was done, she walked back over; chest puffed out and, bending her elbow, flexed her arm.

The mage giggled at how ridiculous she looked, especially because you couldn't really see very much muscle under the dress, but kissed her anyway.

They only kissed for a second, though, before Triss suddenly remembered something crucial.

"Oh! The masks!"

Quincy widened her eyes, realizing how close they could've come to being caught, and thanked Triss under her breath when she found the coverings and brought them to her.

She put her own fox mask back on quickly, but instead of handing Quincy her hound mask, instead put it on for her; not being able to control herself and booping her lover on the nose as she did so.

She giggled at the fact she just booped someone as scary looking as Quincy, who giggled in response.

Realizing there was nothing left to do, Triss grabbed her lover's hand and began to walk out of the cellar, but, right as they reached the staircase, she felt a hug from her side.

She expected Quincy to say something, but nothing was spoken; instead she just smiled and kissed her cheek, before walking away and up the stairs.

Triss followed her, walking hand and hand before they got to the main hall, where she let go, and they both walked up to the king.

"My liege."

"Ah- Triss! Glad to see you've made it back, and you too, ahm- Quincy, was it?"

"Yes, sir."

"I take it, you found the wine? You were down there for quite a while."

"Yes, my king. I had to cast a spell on each barrel, and use magic to sense if it was yours or not, but I found your cask; it's the one with a burn mark on it, the one closest to the door."

"And your friend? Did she do anything?"

Quincy bowed her head.

"Yes, your highness. Triss was thoroughly exhausted after having to cast so many spells, so when she found it, I carried it from the shelf and brought it to the door, so the job was faster and easier for your men."

"I see. Thank you, both of you. We wouldn't have found the wine without your help. As a token of my gratitude, I offer you both a goblet of the Beauclair white each when we serve it at dinner."

Both women smiled; neither of them had ever had such a rare wine before.

They both offered their thanks before setting off, enjoying the rest of the masquerade together.

Other than for a few moments here and there, they weren't seen apart for the rest of the evening, and, in the end, they both thought the wine tasted ever so much better than it probably should have.

End Notes

Okay, first smut I've ever written. Criticisms are appreciated. Also, I had to post this anonymously because my irl friends have my Ao3 username and I didn't want them to see this, but if anyone wants to see more Quincy and Triss my username is Negative0, and I'll be responding to all comments recieved.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!